

U.S.A. RECOGNISES RIGHT OF ALLIES TO ARM MERCHANTMEN

The Daily Mirror

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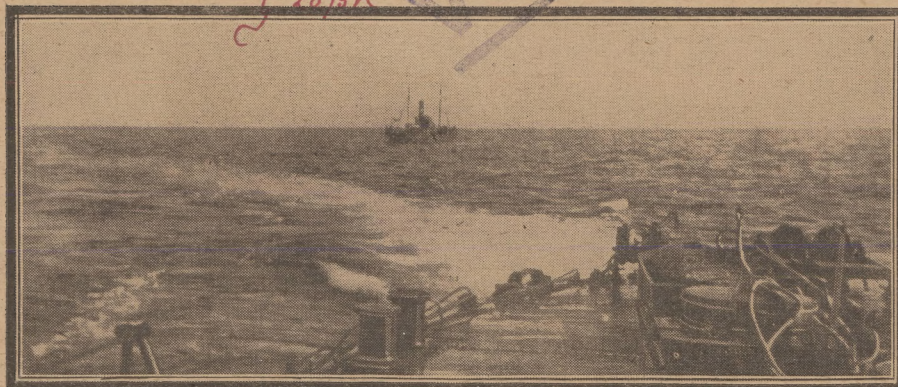
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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1916

One Halfpenny.

A PRIZE FOR THE NAVY: THE CAPTURE OF A GERMAN TRAWLER SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH SEA.



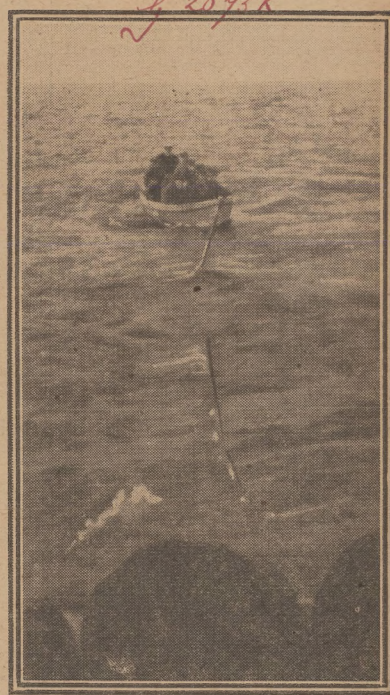
The German trawler en route for a British port with a prize crew on board.



The prize crew rows out to the vessel.



Captured Huns on board the warship.



Rowing the Germans to the warship.

These photographs illustrate British methods at sea. When the trawler is "held up" by a warship the crew are taken on board and kindly treated, while the captured vessel

is brought into port. The Huns, on the other hand, torpedo trawlers when they get the chance, and leave the crews to save themselves as best they can.

BRITISH SOLDIERS RENDER LAST HONOURS TO HEROIC SERBIAN COMRADES.



Full military honours were accorded to some of the Serbian soldiers who fought side by side with the British forces in the Balkans. The photograph shows British soldiers stand-

ing by the graveside, and the Serbian priest who conducted the service. Two Serbian officers are seen standing behind him.

BRITAIN IN GRIP OF WILD WINDS.

50-Mile-an-Hour Gale That Left Trail of Havoc.

WOMAN BLOWN INTO SEA.

Howling and whistling among the chimneys, a fifty-mile-an-hour gale swept London yesterday.

A wild, stormy night developed into a wilder, stormier day, and although the sun shone for long intervals with a spring-like warmth violent squalls of wind and rain beat down upon the good citizens of London town and whirled their hats into the air.

It was a truly anti-Zeppelin day.

Shortly after noon in the City the gale seemed to rise to unprecedented strength. A succession of violent gusts roared in through partly-opened windows and cleared tables of papers and documents. On the bridges people clinging to the parapets and fought to keep a foothold or to make progress against the raging of the wind.

FROM ALL QUARTERS.

During these terrific outbursts the wind seemed to blow from all quarters at once.

Weather-cocks, disheartened, spun round like testotums, unable to find rest in any quarter. Meanwhile, chimney-pots tumbled about in prodigal manner and hats ran races down the streets.

In the outskirts of London the gale was felt at its worst. At Tottenham Green a chimney crashed down, smashing a lamp-post and blocking one of the entrances to the station with its debris.

At Tibbury fallen telegraph and telephone wires were common, and lower down the river the marshes were flooded.

A large stone cross was blown from the tower of Holy Trinity Church, Woolwich.

During one of the strongest squalls shortly after noon a large ash tree in Lincoln's Inn Fields succumbed to the storm, and at the corner of Oxford-street and Bond-street a big shop window was blown into the air.

A similar fate befell three windows at the corner of the Midland Railway Company's offices opposite Leicester-square Tube Station. In this case a number of passers-by had very narrow escapes from serious injury.

TREE CRASHES DOWN.

Between Willesden and Acton an uprooted tree crashed down on to the electric wires of the tramway, completely obstructing the lines.

Not far away the lead roofing of a house in Cumberland Park, Acton, was stripped off by the wind and blown many yards into a garden.

At Hamptonstead Heath a tree was blown down, and many were the trees which had branches and twigs wrenched from them, and during the violent gusts the ponds became wild, inland seas, dashing spray into the air.

A van laden with hay was blown over on Chelsea Bridge, and pedestrians had a narrow escape from injury.

WOMAN'S TRAGIC FATE.

The strong wind bodily lifted a woman who was crossing the dock bridge at Llanelli yesterday and dropped her into the sea. Two men dived in, but they were unable to save her.

Considerable damage was done in Newcastle. Signboards were blown down, windows smashed and slates carried away.

On the North Wales Railway, at Tyne Dock, a bridge of signals was blown down.

The roads between Newport (Mon.) and Usk are flooded in some places to a depth of 5 ft.

Snow lies to a considerable depth in Nairnshire. Snow ploughs have been employed to clear the roads for traffic. All outside work is suspended.

Following on the report that the steamer Ashby was overdue near Ashant, news was received at West Hartlepool yesterday that Captain Green and one member of the crew were drowned.

ONE PRICE FOR KHAKI.

The War Office has informed woollen manufacturers that henceforth a fixed price will rule for khaki cloth contracts, and that orders will alone be placed at a standard rate.

The decision will give much satisfaction to Scotch makers, who had recently been to a large extent ousted by Yorkshire manufacturers.

It is announced that the price will be 1s. per yard above last year's quotation.

THE INFALLIBLE HUN.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 16.—In reference to the German statement that the French battleship Suffren has been torpedoed and that the French reports that the Suffren is at Toulon and that the Amiral Charnier was torpedoed, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarks that it is hardly to be believed that German sailors would have made such a mistake as to the size and shape of their adversary.—Central News.

RESULT OF ORDERS DISOBEYED.

OTTAWA, Feb. 14.—"There is no doubt in my mind that the fire was incendiary," said Mr. Sproule, a former Speaker, at the investigation to-day concerning the Parliament House fire. "Precautions which I ordered after the warning last session were not carried out," he added.—Central News.

FOE SUFFERS MOST.

Our Food Prices Compared with Those in Berlin and Vienna.

47 PER CENT. RISE IN BRITAIN

High as the prices of our food have risen since the war, we are luckier than the people of Berlin and Vienna, according to a statement issued by the Board of Trade yesterday.

While in the United Kingdom food prices generally have risen 47 per cent. in the past eighteen months, in Berlin they have increased by 85.4 per cent., and in Vienna by 112.9 per cent., or more than double.

During last January at home the following increases are reported:—

Flour and bread .. 6 p.c.	Cheese .. 4 p.c.
Frozen mutton .. 34 p.c.	Margarine .. 3 p.c.
Imported beef .. 2 p.c.	Potatoes .. 2 p.c.
Bacon, bread .. 5 p.c.	

The price of eggs, on the other hand, decreased by 17 per cent., and bacon, milk, butter and tea remained much as they were.

In the course of the past year there has been a big rise. Prices, compared with those of the beginning of February last, have increased on the whole about 20 per cent.

In detail the rise is:—

Fish .. 50 p.c.	Meat .. 25 p.c.
Eggs .. 28 p.c.	Bacon .. 12 p.c.
Bacon, bread .. 5 p.c.	Potatoes .. 2 p.c.
sugar, milk, cheese .. 20 p.c.	Margarine .. 3 p.c.

A 5 per cent. increase amounts to one shilling in the pound, so that on these figures the housewife wants twenty-two shillings to-day to buy what a sovereign would have bought last February, and in the cases of the specified articles, above the increase in most of them is much greater.

Fish, for instance, that could have been bought last year for a shilling, now costs eightpence.

Still, the enemy is suffering much greater hardships. The Vienna housewife has to pay £2 2s. 6d. for what she paid £1 before the war. The Berlin housewife's shilling will only buy about sevenpennorth of food, and, further, many articles dear to the Hun taste—bread, flour, butter, pork and milk—may only be purchased in limited quantities; other things—hard beans, peas and lentils—are hardly obtainable at all.

MAN OF ADVENTURE.

Many Roles Filled by Soldier Who Took Part in Polar Quest.

The new British Army includes men drawn from every class and clime within the Empire, but few have had a more varied experience than the "Tommy" who attended a soldiers' tea gathering the other day.

There was a small orchestra of soldiers, and the first violinist attracted attention by the indifference with which he regarded the snapping of his E string and the easy manner in which he went calmly on, playing the solo part.

Quincy showed that when a lad at King Edward's Grammar School, Manchester, he left in order to complete his violin course at Stuttgart, under a German professor who, in common with the other students, cordially hated him.

He was expelled for smashing the violin over the head of the professor.

His father gave him £20 and a ticket to Canada, and there he became in turn an actor, trick rider, lion tamer's assistant, cowboy, chauffeur, valet, mounted policeman, big game hunter and a guide to a party of English noblemen through Alberta, concluding with his going with Stinson's last expedition in 1914.

He was sent back with the first dispatches with sixteen dogs and one Indian. He encountered bad weather and wolves, and it took six months to cover 700 miles to Fort Norman.

Now that he is a member of the new British Army he is anxious to have "a go at the Huns." Although he joined the forces only about a month ago, he expects to go to the front shortly as a sharpshooter.

He heard of the war for the first time when he got to Fort Norman, and immediately set out on a two months' track quite alone to get to the railway station, where he spent £38 on a ticket for England.

HEROES GO HOME.

Flag from Women of England for Party of New Zealanders.

1,200 OVERSEAS MEN AT CHURCH.

There were scenes of great enthusiasm at Paddington Station yesterday when some 100 members of the New Zealand Army Corps, on returning to their native country, were presented with a silken Union Jack, which had been subscribed for by the women of England.

On a silver shield attached to the flag was the inscription: "To the New Zealand heroes from the women of England." On a laurel wreath inscribed on the shield was "Gallipoli, 1915."

Mrs. Alington, wife of Mr. Herbert Alington, of the New Zealand Offices, had collected the money, and she landed the flag to Lady Smith Dorrien, who gave it to Major Dawson.

Major Dawson, in accepting the flag, expressed his thanks to the women of England, and also thanks of the New Zealanders for the kindness shown to them in this country.

He said it was the first time many of them had seen the Mother Country, and they had received a very cordial welcome. The flag would go back under the escort of men who had done their bit and were now going back.

Miss Beatrice Chamberlain, sister of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, said that New Zealand had shown what we in this country had always believed, and that was that we were one people all round the globe, and that the whole width of the wide world mattered nothing when kinsmen were one.

Over 1,200 men of the Australian and New Zealand force attended the service yesterday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which has become the parish church of the Overseas Forces.

The hymns were "O Praise Ye the Lord" and "Fight the Good Fight."

Canon Carnegie delivered an appropriate address eulogising the services to the Motherland rendered by the gallant sons of the Overseas Dominions.

DRUGGING ALLEGATIONS.

Forcible Feeding of Suffragettes Results in Doctors' Libel Suit.

A sequel to the forcible feeding of suffragettes was heard in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when Mr. McCordie mentioned to the Lord Chief Justice the action of "Forward and others v. the Women's Press and others," which, he said, was a libel case brought by three medical men who were engaged at Holloway Prison against Dr. Frank Moxon and others with regard to articles he wrote and which appeared in a certain periodical.

The alleged libel was that plaintiffs had administered drugs to certain women who were imprisoned in Holloway Gaol some time ago in connection with forcible feeding.

Counsel stated that Dr. Moxon, who had pleaded justification, was engaged as one of the base hospitals in France, and an order had been issued to the effect that no leave would be given for the next six months except under special circumstances. Consequently he asked that the hearing of the action should be adjourned for six months.

Mr. Barrington Ward, for the plaintiffs, said his clients, being prison doctors, were public personages, who should consequently be relieved of such charges as those made against them.

The allegation that had been made was that they had wickedly and wantonly administered drugs to women prisoners who were in their care with the object of minimising the painfulness of the particular type of feeding.

His Lordship said he would grant a postponement of the hearing until the first day in July.

MORE WOMEN WANTED.

The calling up of further groups for the Army has accentuated the shortage of female labour, states the *Board of Trade Labour Gazette*.

Although the substitution of women for men has extended in many directions, more volunteers from among women are needed to meet the military requirements.



Tree blown down in Kensington Gardens as the result of the gale.

MIDDAY PILGRIMS OF THE CITY.

Young Men and Women Who Attend Luncheon Hour Service

ACT OF DEVOTION.

It is not long since Sir David Beatty was deploring the absence of religious enthusiasm in England. But is the charge wholly true? Are the masses of the people of this country indifferent to religion?

There are evidences which seem to show that they are not. Yesterday, for instance, a service for city men and women was held at St. Peter's, Hutton Garden. It was held between a quarter past one and ten minutes to two—that is to say, within the luncheon hour—and the church was full.

A service of a similar character is held every Wednesday, and *The Daily Mirror* is informed that it is invariably well attended. There are many men and women in the City willing, it seems, to forego their midday meal in order to perform an act of devotion at this crisis in their nation's history.

FLAGS OF THE ALLIES.

Young men made up the bulk of the congregation. A very fair proportion of them wore armlets. There were girls, too, from City offices—typists, clerks, secretaries.

Round the walls of the church were hung the flags of Great Britain and all Allies.

The preacher was the Bishop of Lichfield. Hope was his theme. If there was one thing which our nation needed at this moment, he said, it was the spirit of hope.

We hoped for victory over our enemies. We were right in praying for it. No nation had any business to engage in war unless it believed that its cause was just. Our nation would win the victory which was won by the victors.

We hoped, too, for a better England, a better Europe, and a better world after this war.

We looked forward to a peace which would be a radically different thing from that which we called peace. The peace that is made—a peace that should embody the two great ideals of progress, which are freedom and fellowship between man and man.

GIFTS FROM ROYALTY.

Precious Works of Art To Be Sold for Benefit of Sick and Wounded.

The Red Cross sale at Christie's, which is to be held the first week in April, will be one of the most interesting events of the season.

Works of art, jewellery, silver, curios, antique furniture, rare books and manuscripts—these things will be disposed of for the benefit of the sick and wounded.

Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods have undertaken to conduct the sale free of charge.

The King and Queen and Queen Alexandra have graciously promised to contribute gifts.

Lord Lansdowne, chairman of the British Red Cross Society, and Lord Plymouth, sub-prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, are making a special appeal for gifts. They will be sent, not later than February 29, to the Red Cross Sale Depot, 48, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

EXPULSED FROM THE CHAMBER.

An unusual scene was witnessed yesterday at a Gravesend Corporation meeting.

Two members of the council, Councillors H. Hinkley and W. Wynn, refused to withdraw what the council regarded as an offensive word uttered in respect of another councillor. The council accordingly decided to ask them to leave, but they refused to retire.

The mayor thereupon, with the consent of the remainder of the council, instructed the sergeant to summon assistance, and two police-officers then, amid much excitement, removed the two councillors.

ANTI-ALLY INTRIGUE FAILS.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 16.—A telegram from Bukarest states:

The agitation got up in Germanophile circles and among certain landowners, who are partisans of M. Marghiloman, have failed, in face of the firm decision of the Government to carry out the contract made with the British syndicate for the sale of 80,000 wagonloads of grain.

The syndicate is at the present moment engaged on arranging for the construction of warehouses where the grain will be stored until it is exported.—Reuter.

COMMANDEERING DISTILLERIES.

It is stated that, with as little delay as possible, the Government will commandeer all the grain distilleries throughout Great Britain and Ireland and put them under national control. The significance of such a step is learnt, was discussed at an important meeting of the distillers of the United Kingdom held at the Cannon-street Hotel yesterday afternoon.

It was ascertained that a deputa- tion was to be appointed to wait on the Minister of Munitions and other members of the Government.

Read "Amateur Plans to Win the War," by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, on page 5.

BRITISH DELIVER THREE ATTACKS ON GERMANS IN YPRES SALIENT

Berlin on Failure to Regain Lost Ground.

ERZERUM TAKEN.

Russians' New Success in Storming Turkish Stronghold.

NEW BELGIAN AGREEMENT

TO RESTORE BELGIUM.

A solemn pact has been entered into by France, Britain and Russia not to cease fighting until Belgium has been restored to her political and economic independence and liberally indemnified for the damage done by the Huns.

GENERAL RAIN STEPS IN.

General February used to be talked of a great deal in the old days as an ally to victory. In modern warfare, however, bad weather mainly has a negative influence.

Thus on the western front the Germans blame the rain and storm for their failure to advance. Perhaps the Allied forces may have had something to do with the check to the German "tapping" expedition.

In Bessarabia heavy snowstorms have put an end to activity there.

REBUFF FOR HUNS.

If the Huns expected to find backers in their new piracy campaign in the United States they will be grievously disappointed.

There is every sign that the United States will not attempt to press upon the Allies Germany's fantastic demands. We shall arm our liners for defence against submarines just as often as we think fit.

TURKS LOSE ERZERUM.

Russia's inexhaustible patience in the Caucasus is now being repaid.

After long and bitter fighting, our gallant Ally has captured Erzerum, the Turkish stronghold in the Caucasus, which is of great strategic importance. It commands the routes into the Caucasus, Persia and Mesopotamia. With the Russians at Erzerum, the British campaign on the Tigris will receive timely help.

AMERICAN BLOW AT HUNS' U BOAT WARFARE.

United States Cannot Approve Sinking of Armed Merchantmen.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 16.—A high authority at the State Department says that the United States will concede to the Entente within its rights under international law the arming of merchantmen for defence, no matter what conditions exist on the seas.

Consequently, should the Entente Powers decline to adopt the suggestion to disarm merchantmen, the American Government cannot announce its approval of the Teutons' intentions to torpedo armed merchantmen.

"GUNS FOR DEFENCE ONLY."

The State Department has made it known that it has no intention itself of changing the rules on the subject of arming merchantmen, which it concedes cannot be done without the consent of all the Powers affected, but it may revise its instructions to port authorities, and permit ships to clear which are only provided with guns of calibre sufficient solely for defence.

A high official strongly indicated that it had been decided not to deny armed merchantmen access to American ports, and that the efforts of the United States Government would be merely confined to seeing that such ships were not offensively armed.—Reuter.

HUNS' NO-WARNING PRINCIPLE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15 (delayed).—The President and the Cabinet to-day refused to endorse the principle that armed merchantmen could be sunk by an enemy without warning.

It is expected that the President will not press Congress to declare on the question of preventing American citizens from sailing on belligerent ships.—Exchange.

The London Education Committee decided yesterday to instruct teachers to give talks to children on the subject of the war and how everyone can help to win it by saving and by avoiding wasteful expenditure.

FRENCH RECAPTURE MORE OF LOST TRENCHES.

Germans Claiming Repulse of All Attacks by Allies.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 16.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

There was no important event to report in the course of the night.

In Champagne we recaptured by grenade fighting some communication trenches to the east of the road from Tahure to the Somme.—Exchange.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 16.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

The British made three vain attacks yesterday on the position to the south-east of Ypres which had been captured by us. Their losses in prisoners amount to a total of about 100.

In Champagne the French repeated their endeavours to regain their positions north-west of Tahure with the same failure as on the previous days. Generally speaking the stormy and rainy weather is hindering fighting activity.

Balkan theatre.—Nothing to report.—Wireless Press.

BIG LOSSES—NO GAINS.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—The following semi-official statement is issued here:—

The Germans are trying hard to exploit the semblance of military successes gained in local attacks carried out with strong forces at the cost of extremely heavy losses, notably in Aisne and Champagne.

In reality the advance made by the Germans is nil.

The attacks in Aisne had been prepared a long time before and nothing had been left undone to assure their success. They were preceded by formidable mine explosions, the preparation of which took several months.

In spite of their mines and a long artillery bombardment, the Germans secured no real advantage. Their attack broke down before it could be developed. They merely gained a footing in a few salients and craters, from which we drove them out at a number of points with hand grenades.

The German losses, amounting to half the very large number of effectives engaged, are out of all proportion to the results.—Reuter.

BOTHA READY TO FIGHT AGAIN FOR EMPIRE.

Declares He Will Do His Utmost to Win the War.

CAPE TOWN, Feb. 15.—During the discussion in the Union House of Assembly on the motion of the Labour member, Mr. Boydell, for increasing the pay of the South African Overseas contingent to not less than that of the East African contingent, General Botha said that he was an Afrikaner absolutely loyal to the British Empire.

As such he had experienced great difficulties with some of his friends during the past eighteen months. He was prepared if necessary to take up arms and do his utmost successfully to conclude the war.

General Botha continued:—

When the offer of the command in East Africa was first made to General Smuts I told him, "Your duty lies here," but when General Smith-Dorrien became ill the East African campaign seemed likely to be retarded for months and General Smuts was approached.

I then said, "However difficult it is for you, your duty is to help."

To-day about 17,000 Union soldiers are in the field, and there will possibly be more shortly.—Reuter.

FIRE OUTRAGE IN A DOCK AT BROOKLYN.

Three Steamers Destroyed—35 Sailors Missing and 50 Rescued.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—Three steamers which were being loaded at the Atlantic Wharves, Brooklyn, were burned this morning as the result, it is generally believed, of an incendiary act, and the damage is estimated at not less than \$200,000.

Thirty-five sailors belonging to the vessels are missing, and it is feared they have been killed by the explosions, or drowned.

The fire began on board the Bolton Castle, which was loading oil for Vladivostok.

A great explosion followed, which started a fire on board the steamer Pacific, which had arrived yesterday from Hull.

The piers next caught fire, and the flames finally spread to the Glasgow steamer Bellagio, laden with oil and cotton.

Fifty men threw themselves into the icy waters of the dock and were rescued.

A dozen barges in the vicinity were also destroyed.

The police are making an active search for the incendiary.—Central News.

BELGIUM TO BE RESTORED TO HER INDEPENDENCE.

Allies Agree to See Her Liberally Indemnified for All Damage.

HAVRE, Feb. 16.—On Monday the French, British and Russian Ministers at the Belgian Court called at the Belgian Foreign Ministry, and Prince Kuchachev, the Russian Minister, acting as spokesman for his colleagues, addressed the Foreign Minister thus:—

"The Allied Powers signatory of the treaties guaranteeing the independence and neutrality of Belgium have decided to renew to-day by a solemn act the engagements they entered into."

Consequently we, the Ministers of France, Great Britain and Russia, duly authorised by our Governments, have the honour to make the following declarations:—

"The Allied and guaranteeing Powers declare that when the moment comes the Belgian Government will be called upon to take part in the peace negotiations, and that they will not end hostilities until Belgium has been restored to her political and economic independence and liberally indemnified for the damage she has sustained. They will lend their aid to Belgium to ensure her commercial and financial recovery."—Reuter.

ONE WAR, ONE FRONT, ONE ARMY, ONE MIND.

PARIS, Feb. 16.—The *Petit Parisien* this morning publishes an article explaining the true significance of M. Briand's visit to Rome.

It says:—

"Nobody to-day can doubt any longer that the Quadruple Entente is on the eve of entering on a new phase."

"Two conferences are going to be held in Paris, one military and the other political."

"The first will be composed of the commanders-in-chief of the Allies, and will reckon what men and material we have at our command."

"The conference will draw up concordant plans, and will regulate the mutual interchange of men and material."

"Such exchanges will be rendered easier if necessary by customs and fiscal concessions. This will mean carrying into effect the principle that the war, being one and only one, should be waged on one front with one Army and one stock of arms and munitions."

"The day is not far distant when Italy will take vengeance on Austria by striking at Germany."—Reuter.

ERZERUM CAPTURED BY RUSSIANS.

Turkish Stronghold Amid Snows Stormed by Tsar's Troops.

KEY TO PERSIA ROUTE.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 16.—The Russians have captured Erzerum.—Reuter.

For months the Russians have been doggedly fighting for Erzerum, which is the most important strategic position on the Russo-Turkish front. Yesterday's good news means that the Russians will now command the caravan routes which lead into the Caucasus, into Persia and Mesopotamia.

The importance of the Russian campaign at Erzerum lies in its effect on the Turkish forces



This map shows the position of Erzerum and how it affects other fronts.

which are opposing our advance towards Baghdad, and those which are threatening the Suez Canal.

Turkey, even with German help, can hardly supply these armies with men and munitions.

Erzerum means "the fortress of Rome," for it guarded the north-east frontier of the empire under the Byzantine Caesars.

The fortress stands in a naturally strong position on rising ground at the western end of a plain 6,000ft. above the sea. This plain, which is surrounded on all sides by mountains, is the avenue by which the Russians approached from the east.

NINE FORTS TAKEN.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Feb. 16.—The following official communiqué has been issued here:—

On the Caucasus front, besides the two forts at Erzerum already captured, seven more forts have fallen into our hands. Thus we are now in possession of nine forts.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 16.—The recent fighting in the neighbourhood of Lutsk was of the most intense character.

The Russians, after a desperate struggle, seized a hill near Chemerin, which has extreme importance.

The hill was completely enveloped in wire entanglements, which Russian artillery destroyed after three days' bombardment.

The number of deserters is increasing on the front.

Near Ixul German soldiers surrendered voluntarily. At Olai two German detachments deserted, and in the Riga coast district men give themselves up daily.

Near Lake Stenien scarcely a day passes without a large batch voluntarily surrendering.

The *Bourse Gazette* publishes a statement by an officer from the Dvinsk front that the Russian artillery achieved brilliant success near Friedrichstadt.

Here their fire destroyed many advanced German trenches and fortifications.

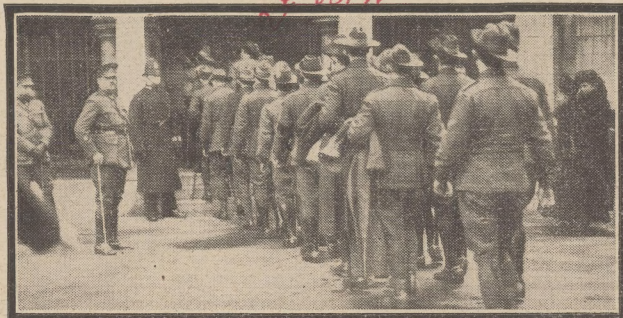
Prisoners admit tremendous enemy losses from Russian gunfire.—Central News.

FRENCH DROP 158 BOMBS ON STRUMNITZA.

Successful Raid on Town and Camps by Thirteen Airmen.

SALONIKA, Feb. 16.—Thirteen French aeroplanes carried out yesterday a raid on the town and camps of Strumnitza, dropping 158 bombs and producing several fires.

The machines, although subjected to a violent bombardment, returned to the base untouched.



Entering St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the service held yesterday in memory of the fallen Anzac horses.—(Daily Mirror) photograph.)

LADY SHEFFIELD ACTS AS WAITRESS AT OFFICERS' "HUT."



Miss Faudel-Phillips handing tea to a chaplain.



Lady Sheffield (holding the tray) and Miss Ackland.

The waitresses at the Alexandra Hut are women well known in the social world who spend many hours every day looking after the comfort of the officers. The hut is situated near Victoria Station, and was opened the other day by Queen Alexandra. It is a delightful haven of rest for men who have just returned from the front.

AUSTRALIAN PLAY.



A new portrait of Miss Kylie Bellew, who is appearing as Mrs. Pretty in the Australian play at His Majesty's Theatre.—(Hugh Cecil.)

MARCHESI PUPIL.



Miss Astra Desmond, who will be one of the vocalists at the Boosey ballad concert on Saturday. She is a pupil of Mme. Blanche Marchesi.

THREE "N.C.O.s" GET MILITARY CROSS.



Sergeant - Major W. H. Chudleigh (R.A.M.C.).



Company Sergeant - Major Wilson.



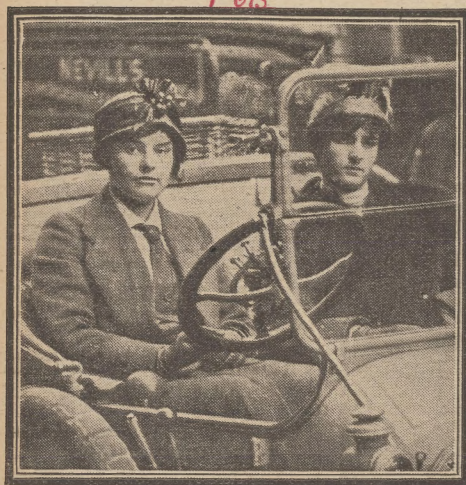
Regimental Sergeant - Major Charles Hampton.

TO DANCE IN PUBLIC AGAIN.



Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, who is to dance at the Alhambra for a week, commencing on Monday. She is famous for her classical dances.—(Campbell Grey.)

LADY IRIS CAPELL'S BUSY DAY.



Lady Iris Capell, daughter of the Earl of Essex, starting off on her day's work. She distributes for the National Food Fund and works from nine to six. During that time she travels on an average seventy miles.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

An Invaluable Remedy for
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA,
SORE THROAT,
SPRAINS,
NEURALGIA, &c.

Pain is a visitor to every home, and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep just a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. Sloan's Liniment is the greatest pain-killer ever discovered. Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—it drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

NO RUBBING REQUIRED.



Mr. W. Lewis, Malt House, New Marton, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered from Muscular Rheumatism in my arm. I tried all sorts of medicines, but they gave me no relief whatever. At last I thought of Sloan's Liniment, and one bottle made a complete cure at a small cost of 1/- All I can say is there is nothing to equal it."

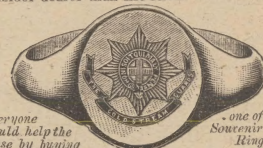
Sold by all chemists, 1/13 and 2/3.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address & three penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.

BLIND FOR OUR SAKES.

Many soldiers and sailors, men in the prime of life, have been suddenly struck blind by shot or shell and are condemned to live in darkness for the rest of their lives. They fought for us, and for our sakes they lost that which many consider dearer than life itself.



Everyone should help the cause by buying

one of these Souvenir Crest Rings.

These men are being cared for at the Blinded Soldiers and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W., and here are "learning to be blind."

To secure this large sum of money is necessary, and it is hoped that this will be augmented by profits from the sale of "Regimental Rings", which are engraved with the crests of any regiment in the Army. They are to be had in gold-shell, price 2s. 6d. each, or in 9-ct. gold at one guinea each, 18-ct. gold £2 10s. each, beautifully engraved with any crest required. Everyone should help the cause by purchasing one of these souvenir rings.

FACE SIGHT FROM IRRITATING PIMPLES.

Ashamed to Go Out. Could Hardly Sleep. Healed by Cuticura.

"My trouble began by large red pimples appearing on my face. It rapidly got worse, and it was a sight. I was ashamed to go out, and I could hardly sleep. The pimples used to itch something terrible and matter came out, which would cause the most agonising itching."

A friend told me to write for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the first application my face began to stop itching. I bought some more Soap and Ointment and my face was healed." (Signed) Ernest Roberts, 54, Leyshon St., Graig, Pontypridd, S. Wales, July 29, 1915.

SAMPLES EACH FREE BY POST With 32-p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1916.

"HYAH! HYAH!"

IF you happen to be a cousin from the country, or an eager, ingenious colonial in London on leave from the front, one of your first thoughts will be: "I must go to the House of Commons and hear a debate. I cannot and will not leave this old country, perhaps for ever, without 'doing' the Mother of Parliaments."

So an obliging member gives you your pass; and there you are, as a glimpse at the khaki-sprinkled Strangers' Gallery reveals just now.

You are not there very long, however. A little goes a great way! The dismal yellow light, dim, but not religious, the dry stuffiness that all our architects succeed in reconciling with draughts in public buildings, and, above all, the lengthy meaninglessness of the about-it-and-about-speaking weary you, bore you, surprise you.

But, also, teach you a little.

Before slinking out, under the severe eye of an usher, you learn that the sound euphemistic journalists call *cheers* consists in the pronunciation, by many elderly mouths, of those words "Heer! Heer!" in unison. "Loud cheers" are "Heer! Heer! Heer! Heer!" many times repeated. But not pronounced as written, or as the new spelling society would write them—"Heer! Heer!" No. Pronounced, for the most part, "Hyah! Hyah!"—rather like a goose trying to be a hen, if such a farmyard masquerade could be conceived as possible under artificial incubation. That is the form in which the Mother of Parliaments conveys lawyer-like approval.

It follows that in order to trace the "growth of public sentiment"—or rather the history of legal feeling—in order to know what the Mother of Parliaments thinks from month to month about the war, your best chance, in view of the oratorical suppression of private members, will be to frame a sort of sounding-board or Zeppelin-detector for "Hyah! Hyah!"

In our humble outsider's way, we've dared to do this, especially in reference to the remarks made by members of the Government and by the Prime Minister (as is only fitting) first. And lately it has been remarkable how "Hyah! Hyah!" has resounded when the members of the Government, and especially the Prime Minister, say anything vigorous, indicative of progressive purpose.

Can it in fact mean that those ranks of elderly tired men on the Benches in front and behind are growing anxious?

There was a time when "Hyah! Hyah!" saluted almost anything the Prime Minister said.

Now a very respectful but quite unmistakable silence greets most of what he says, and "Hyah! Hyah!" is reserved for such remarks as "I am no pessimist," or "I will stick at nothing."

We proffer this observation in perplexity, because official admirers of the Prime Minister—such as the editor of the *Daily Pharos* and Mr. Arnold Bennett—assure us that these remarks don't show him at his best—don't represent him—are not worthy of him.

Now we cannot claim to understand the Prime Minister, any better than, say, Bernhard Shaw understands him, but we think it very hard that those who do understand him should try to prevent him from saying such things as "I stick at nothing," when, obviously, audibly, those are now the only things that cheer the rows of elderly lawyers and produce the parliamentary punctuation of prolonged "Hyah! Hyah!" W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The happiness of your life, and its power, and its part or rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now.—Rushin.

AMATEUR PLANS TO WIN THE WAR.

ECCENTRIC IDEAS I HAVE HEARD ADVOCATED.

By Major-Gen. Sir ALFRED TURNER.

THAT the war should have produced a great number of people with more or less ingenious theories as to how it could be won is not very surprising. Every war has bred an army of amateur strategists and tacticians fired with their particular and patent means to certain success.

In both the American war of independence and the Napoleonic wars submarine boats (queer as it may sound to our modern ears) were suggested as triumphant trump cards, and experiments, almost completely unsuccessful, were made with them: while at the time of the Sudan war many patriots were of the strong opinion that it would be the correct thing to

cars capable of "hopping." These "frog" cars, as I understood the idea, were to be built in secret, smuggled up to our front somehow (the exact details of the amusing scheme escape me), and at a given signal let loose in a glorious charge against the Germans. The theory was that only something which could hop could hope to get beyond the German lines of trenches.

I am quite sensible of the fact that the war is one in which precedent plays but a small part, and novelty (as the Germans have demonstrated by their monster siege guns, their sea mines, their submarines, and so on) plays a leading part; but I scarcely think that a fleet of "frog" motor-cars would be found to be the solution of a state of affairs which seems to have developed into a permanent impasse.

"NOT BORN FOOLS."

Nor do I consider that the suggestion, made by an eminent amateur strategist in the early days of the trench war, of a series of pretended retreats on our part, carried out with the cunning object of luring succeeding small parties of Germans on to capture until the greater part

THE CHILD AND THE GROWN-UP.—No. 5.



Bob must imitate his father. And yet Bob mustn't imitate his father—sometimes. What, then, is poor Bob to do?—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

concentrate upon capturing the Mahdi, just as many people now advocate kidnapping the Kaiser, and thus (they argue) causing the Germans to collapse.

Apart from the fact that the majority of the German people evidently believe implicitly in their Emperor and consequently would not dream of giving in if he were miraculously captured and deposited upon St. Helena (this seems to be the favourite place of captivity for the all-highest with those who advocate his forcible abduction), the Kaiser does not stroll about battlefields unattended. This is not much taken into account by those who would see him swooped down upon by aeroplanes and carried off or surrounded by a conveniently ready small but determined force of soldiery.

The war could no more be ended by the Kaiser being kidnapped, of course, than it could be won on the western front by the plan I recently heard suggested.

This plan—I am told it was made perfectly seriously—was that the French and British should build a huge fleet of armoured motor-

of the Hun forces on the west had been taken prisoners, would have worked very well. Whatever else they may be, the Germans are not all born fools.

A great many other more or less ingenious ideas for moving the Germans on the western side have been propounded by amateur strategists and tacticians, but—although I am anything but a pessimist and am fully alive to the truth that the unexpected may always happen—I am certain that Lord French's opinion expressed in the early days—"It will be a war of attrition"—will prove to be right.

The hitherto unhampered visits of murdering Zeppelins have naturally brought forth a host of suggestions for dealing adequately with these craft. It is to be hoped that some good and practical suggestions for dealing with the air pests have been made to the proper authorities—whenever they may be—but I certainly have heard of no plan which has struck me as being workable. To "net" the air by means of captive balloons with ropes stretched between them, an idea I recently saw propounded, is, of course,

"A GOOD TIME."

ARE THE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY BEING SPOILT BY THEIR PARENTS?

"ALWAYS MISERABLE."

"LET the children have a good time," says one of your correspondents!

As if the way to do that were to spoil them! To spoil the child is to make it miserable always.

Thurloe square, S.W.

OTHER PEOPLE'S.

WE can all of us tell other people how to control their children.

The children most of us are too weak to control are our own. M. E. Willesden.

"WHY?"

YOUR pictures of small children make me long to have the bringing up of such terrible creatures. Some people prefer to let children, and perhaps it may be because they cannot say "Why?"

It is the greatest mistake to let your children say "Why?" to everything they are told to do. It becomes a parrot cry.

The children most strictly brought up are in my experience far the best characters in after life. Like so much that is in Holy Scripture, is being absolutely disregarded. He says, "Chasten thy child while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him beltimes." St. Paul writes: "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" etc. Having brought up a family of six sons upon Solomon's advice, I can truly say they have all turned out exceptionally good men in all senses.

A MOTHER. Westend, Hants.

TO VIOLETS.

Welcome, Maids of Honour, You dog bring In the Spring, And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many, Fresh and faire, Yet you are More sweet than any.

'Yare the Maiden Posies, And so grac't, To be plac't, 'Fore Damask Roses.

Yet though thus respected, By and by You'll be his.

Poore Girls, neglected. —HERBERT.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 16.—There are a great many beautiful crocuses that are seldom seen in gardens although they are quite easy to grow. Perhaps the most interesting sorts are the early-flowering species; these are to-day in full bloom. Let them be grown on sunny banks and near warm walls, for they will then open freely during early February.

Bicolors (white, feathered violet), susianus (yellow and brown), versicolor, and tonnasianus (sandy yellow) are four lovely kinds to have at this season. The crocuses usually grown are varieties of aureus and vernus.

E. F. T.

ridiculous; and it is no argument to say that because the Navy was able to catch German submarines in nets that Zeppelins could be caught by similar methods. The conditions are utterly different.

To my mind the only amateur strategists who should be suppressed are those who are in Parliament. They can do a real mischief to us with their self-important interference in things which should be left to those who do understand their job and can do it if left alone. The so-called "Gallipoli Gamble" was a terrible example of the harm the amateur strategist can do. It cost us over 200,000 men in casualties, including sick, and so made compulsion necessary.

For the rest, the ordinary amateur strategist is quite harmless, and there is always just the chance that he may think of something useful.

Anyhow, I prefer him infinitely to the parliamentary pig who thinks that the mere mention to Westminster implies that he has an intuitive knowledge of all things, including the best way of beating the Germans.

"TOMMY'S" ADVICE TO THE NAVY.



"You want a sergeant behind you and a Jack Johnson in front of you to make you move," said the "Tommy," who knew how to dig himself in quickly. The navy's reply was couched in forcible terms.

GERMAN AEROPLANE FILLS



After this machine had been brought down by the French near Salonika it was placed on view near our Allies' General Headquarters. It was practically undamaged, and in the

TWO APPOINTMENTS.



Lieutenant R. O. Schwarz, the South African "googley" bowler, to be appointed to Headquarters Staff.



Miss Miriam Pease, daughter of the Postmaster-General, to be an unpaid inspector of factories and workshops.

PRINCE HENRY WATCHES RACE.



Prince Henry, the King's son (looking sideways), watching the final of the mile race at Eton yesterday with some of his friends. The Prince ran fourth in one of the preliminary heats; his time being 4m. 54s., a very good performance for his age.

BROUGHT TO EARTH: AN IN



The men who ride these horses are "cow punchers," but even

WOMAN CONDUCTOR KILLED.



Miss Violetta Newman, of Battersea, a woman conductor, who was killed by falling off her omnibus in Whitehall. At the inquest her mother said she was formerly a typist, who much preferred her new life.

ARMLETS FOR WOMEN? URGENT



A number of the 400,000 women who are needed to work on the land have England farm. The need for more, however, is urgent, to fill the gaps great canvass is being arranged, and the work

A STREET AT SALONIKA.



photograph flying officers are seen examining it. The inhabitants, too, were much interested in it, and big crowds were attracted to the spot.

WITH THE FRENCH RED CROSS.



Lifting a wounded man into a Red Cross train for conveyance to a base hospital. The stretcher-bearers display the greatest skill, and give the patient the minimum of discomfort.—(French War Office photograph.)

INCIDENT IN A CANADIAN CAMP.



experience cannot save them from being thrown sometimes.

ED FOR MORE FARM WORKERS.



begun their duties, and these photographs were taken on a South of by enlistment, which will increase as the groups are called up. A spect of the required number being obtained.

WOMEN'S GIFT TO ANZACS.



Captain A. E. Conway holding the flag presented to him by Lady Smith-Dorrien on behalf of the women of England. It is their gift to the New Zealanders who, no longer fit for service, are returning home. The ceremony took place at Paddington.

PEERS IN THE NEWS.



The Hon. Matthew White Ridley, who becomes Viscount Ridley. His father has just died.

—(Bacon.)



Lord Kilmorey, chosen to fill the vacancy in the House of Lords caused by Lord Massy's death.

—(Lafayette.)

TO LEARN FROM PEASANTS.



Miss Gladys Pett, who has organised the committee of Berkshire women for sending women who have volunteered to work on the land to France. There they will gain valuable experience by watching the women peasants.



'Wincarnis' gives New Life to the Weak and Ailing

There is nothing so valuable as 'Wincarnis' for giving new life to the invalid—nothing so prompt in producing new strength when you are Weak—nothing so dependable for creating new blood when you are Anæmic—nothing so satisfactory for reconstructing new nerve force when you are 'Nervy'—and nothing so sure in surcharging the body with new vitality when you are 'Run-down.' And this is the reason—'Wincarnis' (*The Wine of Life*) possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.'

WINGARNIS

"The Wine of Life"

If you are Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down'—or a martyr to Indigestion—or enfeebled by Old Age—or an invalid striving vainly to regain strength after an exhausting illness—'Wincarnis' offers you the quick, sure, and safe way to the new health you need. And remember, the health that 'Wincarnis' creates is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan"—not a temporary "patching-up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health that makes you feel it is good to be alive.

Don't remain

Weak, Anæmic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down.' Don't continue to suffer needlessly. Take advantage to-day—of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.' Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W317, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

Daily Mirror
Feb. 17, 1916.

Send this Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Room for one thing more!

Then fill up the space with a bottle of 'Ficolax'—the one thing your soldier boy really wants. Probably he has but little chance of getting vegetables or fruit. Englishmen must have these or their internal machinery will go wrong, causing a multitude of minor ailments—too small for hospital, but bad enough for him—so send 'Ficolax,' the pure fruit Laxative. It is pleasant to take, and all directions are on the bottle.



'Ficolax' will keep your soldier fit, and less liable to contract chills and disease. FICO-LAX—being concentrated, goes twice as far as imitations.

Sold in Bottles ... 1/3
Family size ... 3/-
By all Chemists and Stores.

The Ficolax Co., Graham Street, London.

The Cruel Stab of RHEUMATISM



URILLAC
brings
instant relief.
Better than Aspirin.
Cheaper than Aspirin.

RHEUMATISM is mankind's commonest ill. It is also one of the most painful. Strangely enough, it is one of the easiest to relieve—if the right means are taken. But most sufferers are entirely on the wrong track. Uric acid must be treated **through the blood**. The uric acid must be dissolved and passed off through the secretions before relief can be obtained and permanent cure commenced.

"Urillac" is the only certain means for immediate relief of pain and permanent cure. It is the discovery of a prominent West-End Physician—now in actual practice—who would gladly associate his name with this wonder-working Remedy did medical etiquette allow him to do so.

URILLAC

Certain Cure for:—

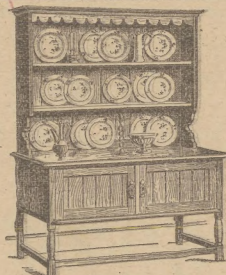
**RHEUMATISM
GOUT
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NEURITIS
GRAVEL**
and all uric acid ailments and pains.

"Urillac" effects a certain cure where everything else has failed.

It is taken up by the blood by way of the liver, mixing freely with the vital fluid, and completely dissolves the uric acid deposits which are the cause of the disease.

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's Drug Stores, at 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from

THE URILLAC COMPANY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.
FREE SAMPLE Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a sample.



THIS
Solid Oak Dresser
£3 : 3 : 0

carefully packed and sent carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain.

Dimensions:

Height, 6ft. 3in.; width, 4ft.; depth, 18in.

Supplied in rich Antique colour.

WRITE for our Art Booklet, "How to Furnish," a catalogue of useful articles for the home, together with beautiful illustrations, in colour, showing the suggested treatment of the different rooms in a comfortable home.

Write to-day to

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.,

General House Furnishers.

252-256, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W. (Oxford Street end).

"ECONOMISE!"

The Prime Minister.

Everyone is asked to economise.

The food of moderate price that has no waste in it, is, in the best sense, an economy.

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour

is such a food. It adds refinement to the flavour of every dish cooked with it, and it is equally useful for sweets, soups, nutritious sauces, and savouries.

Cookery book coupon in all packets.

Sold in 1 lb., 1/2 lb., and 1/4 lb. pkts.—the 1 lb. size is the most economical.



When buying **BAKING POWDER** insist on having

BORWICK'S

The strongest, best & most economical in the world.

If you Cough

or suffer from any trouble with your vocal organs, try **EVANS' PASTILLES** which afford instant relief, and restore the voice.

Of all Chemists, in 1/3 boxes.

EVANS' SONS, LSCHE & WEBB, Ltd.,
Liverpool and London.

EVANS' Pastilles

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget sits restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as she sees the web of memories open. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then—this man who had only been phlegm—and then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across that evening—charged Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

And through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all. Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock she realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitation, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming back at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Ondura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she has misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terror is revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. On the journey up-country to their home Rupert tells her that it will be wise for her not to go against his wishes.

One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. The word is not said, but the answer is given in his manner. There is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth, and shows Richard Olive's letter.

Dick is dumbfounded, but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold. The man who had married Brydon, and that the old staff must go. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has been looking for him. She is "Brydon," though her name is Anita Beresford.

Olive, through ill-health, returns to England. She receives a letter from Africa written in an unknown hand.

JEALOUSY.

OLIVE took the letter Mrs. Heathcote held out to her and looked at it quickly. She said "Thank you!" in a low voice, but she made no attempt to open it.

Just for a second Mrs. Heathcote stood expectantly, then, remembering that, after all, she had no right whatever to expect to be acquainted with the contents of any letter that Olive received, she turned to leave the room. But she could not help saying as she went:

"I hope very much that it does not contain bad news."

As the door closed behind Dick's mother Olive jumped to her feet and ran and locked it. She felt angry with Mrs. Heathcote. Why should she imagine that the letter contained bad news? Why did she demand that she should not have opened that letter in the presence of anyone?

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

It was simply a letter addressed in a handwriting that was unmistakably that of a woman—and she knew no woman in Africa.

Her hand shook as she slit open the envelope with the little old-fashioned bone paper-knife she had taken up from Dick's desk.

"Dear Mrs. Heathcote," the letter began. It was headed with no address and bore no date. Olive told herself that it was to be discovered that she turned the sheet hastily, but it was at the signature that she looked. The boldly-written name, Anita Beresford, and the address, "Keya, West Africa."

The trilling danced a little before Olive's eyes as she turned back to the beginning of the letter. It was as though all those evil little barbed hints with which Rupert had wounded her imagination during those last weeks in Africa had suddenly begun to ache.

What had this woman who was Richard Heathcote's friend, his intimate friend of whom he had never spoken to her, even when, as Rupert had told her, she had come out to Africa and bought the immense estates for Dick's sake—what could she possibly have to say to her, Dick's wife?

You must forgive me troubling you with a letter from the country you have gone home to try and forget," Mrs. Beresford wrote, "and please do not think it an impertinence for me to write to you at all. Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I seem already to know you very well. Your husband has told me so much about you."

That sentence seemed to sting and throb in Olive's mind as she read on. What right had Dick to discuss her with this woman whose name he had never so much as mentioned to her?

A remembrance of that day when he had come to her room at Narakota, to speak about her return to England, came to Olive now. She had given him an opportunity to explain the dual identity of the new owner of Narakota then.

She could see Dick's face as it had looked when he had given that evasive answer:—

"Oh, the new boss seems a very decent sort."

Why had Dick been so secretive?

She seemed to hear Rupert's little silken laugh in her ears as she put the angry question to herself. Rupert, who had hinted so subtly that he could have given a reason—if he had cared to do so.

With an effort she concentrated her attention on the letter that she held.

"I see that I seem to know you so well, I am writing this without letting Mr. Heathcote know that I am doing so, just to ask you to use your influence with him, and try to persuade him not to leave Africa just now."

Really, we cannot spare your husband! Things are in a rather critical state on the estate. There are so many new employees. Do you think it very selfish of me to put it like this? But I want to be candid with you, and show how much I depend upon him and need him out here, before saying what, perhaps, will have more weight with you—or ought to have—that it is really suicidal for Mr. Heathcote to go back at this juncture.

"Naturally, you wish him to rejoin you. I am sure that he is longing to go back—for your sake. But if he does—I know you will wish me to tell you the truth about this—he will ruin his prospects, destroy all the work he has built up by sheer grit since he came out to the Coast."

Olive's hands clenched on the paper, crushing it. She did not read another word. She tightened her grip on the soft sheets, desperately moulding them into a little ball.

For the moment the dominant thought in her head was a fierce, illogical anger against Dick himself. Why had he left it to this strange woman to write? Why had he not, straightforwardly, as she had a right to expect, written and told her the blunt truth—that he did not want to go?

His parting words rang through the desolate chambers of her heart: "Forgive me for the mess I have made of both our lives."

They took on a new meaning now, so it seemed to the girl who stood there with jealousy gnawing fiercely at her heart. Dick, disillusioned, bitter and angry with her because of the deception he had used, discovered that she had never loved him, had turned back to this old friend.

This strong, gifted woman who had once, as Rupert had hinted, been—or hoped to be—something more than a friend.

"Oh, I see everything clearly enough!" The little cry was wrung from Olive in sheer anguish, in that moment when she was most incapable of seeing anything clearly at all. Jealousy, the most distorting of all passions, jealousy, the last passion in the world she would have admitted to herself, was turning all her world topsy-turvy before her eyes.

Even Mrs. Heathcote's action, when she brought in the letter appeared to Olive in a new and suspicious light. . . . Could it be possible that Dick's mother knew or guessed . . . ?

Outside in the garden the blackbird still flitted in the tree whose branches fretted greily against the tender blue of the sky. The sun shone in bravely, casting little pools of warm yellow light on the faded carpet.

But to Olive the world had grown suddenly dark; the song of the birds an intolerable sound that jarred upon her nerves.

On the desk before her lay the sheet of foreign paper with the word "Keya" that she had written so gaily with the old pen that had been one of the treasured possessions of the boy who owned this room.

With a curious little sound, the sound of a soul strangled in its throat, Olive caught up the letter she had begun and twisted it up, adding it to that little ball of paper that had been Mrs. Beresford's letter.

She would not write to Dick. Letters were too

slow. She would cable to him this very afternoon.

She dropped on her knees by the desk and wrote on the cable in a very shaky, yet very determined-looking handwriting.

"On no account come home—Olive."

No one saw her as she went out to send the cablegram off. Not, even Mrs. Heathcote guessed at the tears which had reddened those carefully-powdered eyelids of hers, when they met at dinner—these two women—Dick's wife and Dick's mother.

LONELINESS.

THE house at Keya, where the owner of Narakota had taken up her quarters, was much less picturesque than the house to which Richard Heathcote had brought Olive as a bride. It reposed no wonder in the beholder as Narakota did. It was plain and serviceable, having been built in the days of the early settlers and strongly fortified against the possible attacks of hostile tribes.

It is to be admitted that Mrs. Beresford occasionally thought longingly of Narakota—especially of the big living room, with its furniture of polished wood, made after native designs, but she would not have dreamed of so much as hinting this to Richard Heathcote.

So long as the Heathcotes remained on the coast, Narakota belonged by right to them.

She was thinking of this as she sat at her desk this morning, struggling against natural inclination and the seduction of the heat, to master some papers that must be sent off by the mail that day, and wondering how long she might count on the presence of these two men at Narakota.

The young scamp, might go to-night with my blessing," she told herself. "But Richard—"

It came to Anita Beresford that she would not be able to carry this venture through if Richard Heathcote decided, after all, to go back to England.

She had grown to lean even more than she knew on this man whom she had met by the freakish interposition of Fate in the wilds of the forest. She liked him immensely, then, and she liked him more now. It had seemed to her in the moment when she had opened her eyes and looked up into the worn, bronzed face that here was a man in every sense of the word. Every hour of her acquaintance with Dick Heathcote had strengthened that belief.

She rose abruptly from the desk and began to move restlessly about the room.

"He mustn't go back—it's out of the question. If that wife of his is worth having she'll have told him by now that it is not to come back!"

It had taken her some effort of courage to

decide to write to Richard Heathcote's wife. But never once since the letter had been dispatched had she regretted it.

"Odd that such a sensible suggestion should have come from young Rupert," she told herself.

She stopped in her paces. A shadow had fallen across the sun-bathed floor of the verandah, and in another moment Richard Heathcote was in the room.

"You! What good wind blows you here this morning?" she demanded, and she greeted him. "Or, perhaps I ought to say what madness—for it is madness to ride over in this sun. Still, I'm tremendously glad to see you, Dick."

Her delicate face had coloured slightly, and the fact added to her charm. Her eyes were very kind as they rested on Dick's face. Too kind, another woman might have said.

"I wanted to see you—and the business could not wait," Dick said abruptly. He took some papers from his coat and fingered them.

"Not unpleasant business, I hope?" she laughed. "There's a gleam in your eye."

"It's this," Dick said bluntly. "Have you, by any chance, been writing to my wife?"

His blue eyes were very hard as he put the question. He had aged in these weeks of loneliness at Narakota, and the lines that Rupert had seen for the first time on the tanned face that night when he had returned to Narakota after the absence of a day and a night had deepened. No happiness, no emotion—only death would ever wipe out those lines of suffering from Richard Heathcote's face.

Mrs. Beresford looked at him steadily. She was not tall, but her slenderness gave her the benefit of all her height. Her dark eyes met his blue angry ones unflinchingly.

"Yes, since you ask me, I have," she replied. "It was invariable impertinence for you to do so," he broke out. "Do you realise that my wife would have my head?"

"What must she have thought of such a letter from you? I can guess its contents by these. First, this cablegram—and now this letter."

He handed the letter to his employer, but the letter he still held in his hand. He could not give Olive's letter, even this letter which might have been written by any mere acquaintance, to another woman to read.

"I think your wife is a most sensible woman," Anita Beresford said. "I wrote to her most kindly—told her that you were in ignorance of my intention, but that for you to go back now was the merest folly. And you know that that is true, Dick."

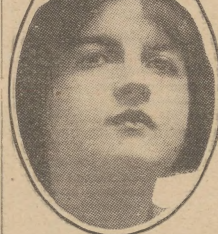
"I know that you have caused my wife suffering by your abominable selfishness," he retorted.

"It is not for my sake, but for your own, that you wish to keep me here. You should have counted the cost when you took up this venture. What plans had you in hand when you sacked every man on the estate? There was no question of my being indispensable then!"

"Every word you say is quite true," the woman said meekly. "But I had such hopes of

(Continued on page 11.)

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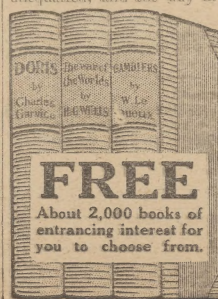
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Sir Starr Jameson.

"Dr. Jim" Is Back.

We are getting all the material in town for a real Overseas Cabinet. Yesterday I ran across Sir Starr Jameson—who will go down in history as "Dr. Jim"—as slim and trim as ever. He struck me as looking a little tired, but then he was always a glutton for work, and I expect he had been studying papers the greater part of the night.

Africa All Right.

Sir Starr Jameson has been on a brief tour to Rhodesia. He has been telling all his friends in London that Africa is absolutely all right—a revelation even to Sir Starr, who has always been a believer in the Afrikaner. Sir Starr has been in the habit of going to German spas every year. I wonder which British health resort will be chosen as substitute.

The End of the War.

I hear that one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet has been telling his friends that the war will be over in July next.

The Hardest-Worked Minister.

A good idea of the enormous amount of work imposed upon Mr. Tennant, the Under-Secretary for War, of recent months will be gathered from a glance at the latest number of the *Parliamentary Gazette*. This shows that during the past session no fewer than 2,897 questions were put to him on the floor of the House.

The Most Loquacious Minister.

The Minister who did most talking last session was Mr. McKenna, who spoke 420 columns of Hansard. This, of course, was due to the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a particularly big Budget to get through the House. Next in point of rhetorical output was Mr. Lloyd George with 376 columns to his credit; Mr. Long being third with 349 columns, and Sir John Simon fourth with 346. Mr. Asquith comes lower down with 237, and Mr. Bonar Law still lower with 215.

A Successful Maiden Speech.

I happened to be in the House of Commons last night when Mr. Warwick Brookes, the new member for Mile End, made his maiden speech. Mr. Brookes, looking particularly happy, spoke with great confidence, and was privileged to address an assembly which included Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Arthur Balfour, many other Ministers and ex-Ministers, and quite a big muster of private members.

A Contrast.

Mr. George Wardle, who is now installed in the corner seat of the second bench below the Ministerial gangway—the position from which the chairman of the Labour members addresses the House—provides a very striking contrast in physical appearance to Mr. John Hodge, his predecessor. Mr. Hodge is a man of massive mould and towering stature. Mr. Wardle is, in a physical sense, one of the parliamentary light-weights. The contrast is brought out vividly when you see the two sitting together.

A Real Musician.

I always admired Lady Churston's beautiful voice, but when she accompanies herself on the violin the result is certainly sensational, and so the audience thought at the Grosvenor House concert, for her many friends persuaded Lady Churston to continue the music in the evening at her house in Knightsbridge, and it was an interesting party.

The Princess Light-Hearted.

Princess Arthur of Connaught was in girlish high spirits and thoroughly enjoyed the music and dancing as performed by that energetic young man, Mr. Nelson Keys. The Duchesse de Mignano let us hear her rich voice, and Lady Churston, looking beautiful in glittering black, sang again several times. Miss Marie Novello was at the piano.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Our Commander-in-Chief.

A friend of mine tells me that General Sir Douglas Haig is going about with more military circumstance than did Lord French. There is not so much dashing about in a high-powered car.

Knows Their Names.

General Sir Douglas Haig makes a point of knowing by name as many officers as he can, and many a second lieutenant has been greeted with "Good morning, Mr. Jones," from the Commander-in-Chief, and has been no little heartened by reason of the great man recognising him.

Brigadier and Bacon.

I am also told that he makes a point of himself asking if there are any complaints. Further, it is impossible to "take a rise out of him." For example, one man, in answer to his question, complained of the bacon. "You must make that complaint to your company officer," said Sir Douglas, "but don't try that game on with me, my lad. I was caught that way when I was brigadier."

In Khaki.

So at last the band of H.M. 1st Life Guards play in khaki. I have long marvelled at the anomaly of the pre-war red.

On the Arlanza.

This is a portrait of Miss G. Barrington, who returned from Brazil on the ill-fated Arlanza, stopped by the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse last August. Miss Barrington is now staying at the Vernon Court Hotel, from



Miss G. Barrington.

where she is ceaselessly working for the wounded and interesting herself in war charities. Shortly she will be leaving for Africa, where she will continue her work.

The Queen Amused.

I never saw the Queen more lovable than she was at the children's matinee at Drury Lane. She was almost hidden by the curtain of the box in order to let the children of her party have a good view. They were continually looking to her for approval of their glee, and I'm sure she enjoyed the performance thoroughly.

Mr. Julian Kimbell's Concert.

Particular interest is attached to the vocal recital which Mr. Julian Kimbell is giving to-day week at the Eolian Hall. Mr. Kimbell is a young baritone who uses his robust voice with great restraint, and he can sing with infinite tenderness.

The Burnt Bedroom of a Duchess.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford has had numerous inquiries from her friends on hearing of the fire at her house in Berkeley-square. It appears that her bedroom has been practically burnt out, and the cause of the fire is said to be due to the fusing of an electric wire.

Trousers for Women?

Will Mlle. Colette Dorigny, who will probably wear the most becoming pair of trousers at the Gaiety, re-start the eternal question of rational dress, in view of women's masculine occupations?

Where to Sleep.

A correspondent who suffers from sleeplessness says the best place to doze in is the public gallery in the House of Commons while members are debating "How-to-get-on-with-the-war." It is, he says, far better than the picture house as a sleep-inducer. He has tried both.

Champions on the Green.

With every hour now public excitement grows in connection with the great all-khaki boxing tournament which Sergeant Dick Burge is staging at the Golders Green Hippodrome next Monday evening. Wells v. Smith and O'Keefe v. Sullivan on one evening! No wonder there is a rush.

On the Spot.

The house is already practically sold out for the greatest programme in the history of boxing since the war began. Now people are vying me to know the best way to get to Golders Green. Well, take the Hampstead Tube from Charing Cross, and it will take you to the ring-side in fifteen minutes.

Nadia.

I met Mlle. Gina Palerme in the foyer of the grill-room at the Savoy the other day and noticed she was carrying a heaped-up plate of food. She told me it was for her dog, a borzoi of six months, who was first named Beauty and then Nadia.

Stories of Potsdam.

There are some particularly interesting stories about the life of the German Court in the March *London Magazine*, which will be published to-morrow. The editor sent me an advance copy, and I read the first of the series of articles, "Seven Years at the German Court," with the greatest interest. They are written by Miss Edith Keen, who for many years was companion to the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

When the Kaiser Was Hard Up.

Miss Keen has much to say of the Kaiser. She writes of a little-known side of his character—his extravagance. Prince Leopold of Prussia once said of his illustrious relation: "Wilhelm is a fool about money, and he will have trouble if he is not careful." Wilhelm did have trouble, and to refill his empty purse he used to sell favours at Court to wealthy Germans. Four Court appointments brought in £35,000 to the royal coffers in one season, Miss Keen says.



Mrs. Bruce-Elliott.

Mrs. Bruce-Elliott.

This is a photograph of Mrs. Bruce-Elliott (sister to Mrs. Manners, the lion huntress). Mrs. Bruce-Elliott is recently home from Aden, where she was with her husband, who, by the way, is in the "gunners" and has been shot in the arm by the Turks. Mrs. Bruce-Elliott was often one of only four white women out there.

Lion Huntress Afraid of Cats.

I dined the other evening with Mrs. Marion Manners, who is just home from a year in East Africa—Nairobi way—where she was hunting big game. Mrs. Manners shot three lions, and only one required more than one shot! But cats—ordinary domestic pussy-cats—she is afraid of. Well, so was Lord Roberts.

Striking Resemblance to Pauline Chase.

Mrs. Manners is a blonde, very pretty, very slight, and very, very like Miss Pauline Chase. Indeed, she frequently has been spoken for for that reason by strangers. Altogether she is not one's idea of a slayer of lions!

Opium.

I had some after-luncheon coffee in the Strand yesterday afternoon, when an acquaintance came up to me. After a few minutes he mentioned casually that he was "spending the evening at an opium flat." It is by far and away the worst vice of the moment, and it is stated that there are quite a dozen houses in London alone.

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THE KING DECORATES NURSES

P18622



Nurses who were decorated with the Royal Red Cross by the King. Left to right (standing) Miss Tait McKay, Miss Oates; (seated) Miss Vincent, Miss Sparshott and Miss Smeaton.

NEWS SOUGHT OF MISSING MEN.

P18619



Private M. C. Frost (8th Royal West Kents). He was wounded in the battle of Loos and has since been missing.

P18619



Private Lacker (Munster Fusiliers.) He was reported wounded and missing from the Dardanelles last August.

THE HUNS NEEDED THEM SO BADLY!

P403C



Part of a huge collection of copper articles belonging to the Germans which fell into the hands of the Russians during a surprise sortie. They will be melted down for ammunition.

TRAINING FOR THE ALL KHAKI CONTEST.

P4752A

P472



Sergeant Instructor Wells training at Cardiff for his contest with Sergeant Dick Smith on Monday at Golders Green. Four famous soldier boxers will be seen in the ring. Private Peterson, brother of the champion's trainer, who is just back from Ypres, is seen watching him.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

OFFICER OF A FAMOUS CRUISER MARRIED.

P16514E

P16514E



Lieutenant L. G. Ingham, R.N., and his bride (Miss Mary Cooper) leaving St. Mary's, Guildford, yesterday, and the little bridesmaids. Mrs. Ingham is scoutmistress of the boys who formed the guard of honour. Lieutenant Ingham is on H.M.S. Glasgow, which fought in the Coronel and Falkland Islands actions.

